

The Musical World.

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VOL. 36.—No. 21.

SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1858.

{ PRICE 4d.
STAMPED 5d.

MADILLE D'HERBIL, the Juvenile Pianiste, begs to announce that she is at liberty to accept engagements for Concerts, Soirées, &c. Address, 14, Berners-street, Oxford-street; or Mapleson and Co., 12, Haymarket.

BIRMINGHAM TRIENNIAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL, in aid of the Funds of the GENERAL HOSPITAL, on the 31st of August, and the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd of September next. President—The Earl of DARTMOUTH.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD begs to announce that she will give a performance of CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC on the afternoon of Saturday, June 26, in Willis's Rooms. To commence at Three o'clock. Full particulars will be shortly announced.

SIGNORA FUMAGALLI, SIGNOR DI GIORGI, and MR. CHARLES BRAHAM (Conductor, Signor Vianesi). All applications for the provinces, or the metropolis, to be addressed to Mr. Charles Braham, 7, Bolton-row, May Fair.

MR. ALBERT SMITH'S MONT BLANC, Naples, Pompeii, and Vesuvius every night (except Saturday) at 8; and Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday afternoons at 3. Places can be secured at the Box-office, Egyptian-hall, daily, between 11 and 4, without any extra charge.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S NEW ENTERTAINMENT.—The new Series of Illustrations by Mr. and Mrs. Reed (late Miss P. Horton) will be repeated every evening (except Saturday) at Eight. Saturday Afternoon at Three. Admission, 1s., 2s., and 3s.; Stalls secured without extra charge at the Royal Gallery of Illustration, 14, Regent-street, and at Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street.

MR. CHARLES HALLE'S PIANOFORTE RECITALS.—The Second Recital will take place at his residence, 22, Chesham-place, Belgrave-square, on Thursday, May 27th, to commence at three o'clock. The list of subscribers being full, no further tickets can be issued.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ begs respectfully to announce that at the termination of his series of Recitals he will give a series of three Classical Chamber-Music Concerts, at Willis's Rooms, King-street, St. James's, on Thursdays, June 17th, 24th, and July 8th, commencing at three o'clock, when he will be assisted by Herr Joachim, Signor Piatto, and other eminent artists. Subscriptions for the series, One Guinea. Subscriber's names received at Messrs. Cramer and Beale, 201, Regent-street; Mr. Olliviers, 19, Old Bond-street; and at Mr. Hallé's residence, 22, Chesham-place, Belgrave-square.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Titiens, Alboni, Ortolani, Piccolomini, Belletti, Beneventano, Viatelli, Aldighieri, Belart, and Ginglioni.

On Thursday next, May 27th an Extra Night, will be repeated IL TROVATORE and the new Ballet.

Friday, May 28th, GRAND MORNING CONCERT. In which all the artistes of the establishment will appear.

Monday, June 7th, GRAND MORNING PERFORMANCE. In answer to numerous communications, it is announced that for the convenience of the gentry residing in the environs, a Grand Morning Performance will be given on Monday, June 7, in which all the artistes of the establishment will perform, including all the artistes of the Ballet.

Applications to be made at the Box-office of the Theatre.

MR. AGUILAR'S MATINÉE MUSICALE.—On Monday, May 24th, at the Hanover-square Rooms. To commence at Three o'clock. Vocalists:—Miss Lindo (pupil of Signor Ferrari, her first appearance in public), and Signor Marras. Instrumentalists:—Herr Jansa, Mr. Clementi, Herr Goffrion, M. Paque, Mr. Howell, and Mr. Aguilar.

PROGRAMME.—Trio in E for piano, violin, and violoncello—Mozart; Recitative and Air, "Deh Vieni" (Nozze di Figaro)—Mozart; Sonata in E flat, Op. 29, No. 3—Beethoven; Romanza, "La Desolazione"—Lillo; Concerto in D minor for piano forte, with accompaniment of two violins, viola, violoncello, and contrabass—J. S. Bach; Song, "Herz, mein Herz war sol' das geben"!—Beethoven; Melodia, "Sio fossi un angelo del Paradiso"—Marras; Scherzo, "Michelemona"—Marras; Caprice in E (Op. 33, No. 2)—Mendelssohn; Duetto, "Mira la bianca luna"—Rossini; Polonaise in A flat (Op. 58)—Chopin.—Reserved seats, half-a-guinea. Single tickets, seven shillings; to be had at the principal music publishers, and of Mr. Aguilar, 151, Albany-street, Regent's-park, N.W.

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MAPLESON AND CO.'S BRITISH & FOREIGN MUSICAL AGENCY.

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CLARENCE CHAMBERS, 12, HAYMARKET, LONDON,
Have recently negotiated, amongst numerous others, the following engagements:—

Madille, Victoire Balf, Sig. Dragone, Herr Pauer, for Dublin and Belfast, Madame Gassier, Beaumont Institution, Sig. De Giorgi, and Mad. Fumagalli, Manchester, Mad. Gassier, Mr. Tannant, Mr. Winn, Sig. Buclossi, Sig. Favilli, Liverpool, Mr. Weiss, Mad. Weiss, Ipswich, Mad. Salvini Donatelli, Mad. Gassier, Mad. Buclossi, Mad. Sedizakel, Mad. Fumagalli, Mr. Charles Braham, Mr. George Perren, Sig. Mattioli, Sig. Vairo, Sig. Badiali, Mad. Des Bordini, Mad. Borchardt, Full Band, and 63 choristers, for Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss S. Pyne, Miss Chatterton, Madille, D'Herbil, Sig. Piatto, Herr Ganz, Sig. Dragone, for Oxford, Miss Dolby, Miss Arabella Goddard, &c., for Hanover-square Rooms, Mad. Rudevadoff, Mr. George Perren, Mr. Thomas, Miss Palmer, Signor Raudiger, Herr Molique, for Glasgow, Mr. Allan Irving, Canterbury, Signor Vianesi, Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

Registers kept for the gratuitous inspection of provincial managers, secretaries, and containing entries of the names of vocal and instrumental artists wanting engagements, with all necessary particulars, or forwarded post free.

Office Hours, from 11 to 4.

HERR BERNHARD MOLIQUE'S GRAND ORCHESTRAL CONCERT will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms on Wednesday Evening next, May 26th, to commence at Half-past Eight o'clock. Reserved Seats, 15s.; Tickets, 10s. 6d., to be had of Herr Molique, 39, Harrington-square, and at the principal music-sellers.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—MISS LEFFLER, daughter of the late Mr. Adam Leffler, begs to announce that her first Grand Evening Concert will take place at the above Hall, Regent-street, on Monday, June 7, to commence at Eight o'clock, when she will be assisted by the following eminent artists: Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Weiss, Miss Dolby, and Miss Arabella Goddard. Other distinguished artists are already engaged. Tickets to be had at the Hall, principal music-sellers, and of Miss Leffler, 71, Oxford-street.

MISS LOUISA VANNING will return to town from her provincial tour with M. Julian on the 24th May. Communications respecting engagements to be addressed 127, Albany-street, N.W.

V.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF
HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN,
H.R.H. THE PRINCE CONSORT,
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All letters address, please, Free Trade Hall, Manchester.

Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, May 22, at Louth. Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, May 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, and 29, at Hull.

PICCO.—For engagements, 42, Church-road, Kingsland.

MR. SYDNEY SMITH, Violoncellist (orchestral and solo) from the Conservatorium of Music, and Gewandhaus Concerts, Leipzig, is open to engagements. Address, 19, Bear-street, Leicester-square.

MR. W. W. GRICE begs respectfully to inform the Musical Profession and parties giving concerts that he undertakes the management and superintendence of orchestras.—Address, 18, North-street, Westminster Abbey, S.W.

MR. THORPE PEED, Assistant Professor with the late Signor Crivelli, begs to announce that he is in town for the season. Applications for lessons and engagements are requested to be addressed to Messrs. Addison and Co., 210, Regent-street, where testimonials from the late great master, may be seen.

HER MAJESTY'S STATE BALL.—Mr. John Weippert had the unspeakable delight of receiving Her Majesty's commands to attend and conduct his unrivalled orchestra at the Grand Ball given at Buckingham Palace in honour of the Princess Frederick William's marriage. Address, 21, Soho-square.

SIGNOR LUCCHESI, primo tenore from the Italian Opera, Paris, and of Her Majesty's Theatre and the Royal Italian Opera, London, has the honour to announce that he is in town for the present season. Communications respecting public and private concerts and finishing lessons in singing, may be addressed to him at Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street.

TO BE DISPOSED OF, the Principal Music Business in a flourishing city in the west of England, established upwards of 50 years, with a good Printing connection, and Stationery and Bookselling business. For particulars apply to Mr. Gray, Valuer to the trade, Croydon, Surrey.

LAURENT'S ROYAL QUADRILLE BAND.—New Office, at Messrs. Boosey and Sons, 24, Holles-street, where full particulars may be had.

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.—These elegant and convenient rooms having been re-decorated and entirely new-lighted with the brilliant sun-lights, are to be let for Concerts, Public and Private Balls, Bazaars, Meetings, &c. No concert-rooms can compete with them for sound, for either vocal or instrumental music, or for public speaking. For terms apply at the Rooms, No. 4, Hanover-square, between the hours of ten and four daily.

SIGNOR and MADAME FERRARI beg to announce that their ANNUAL CONCERT will take place at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover-square, on Wednesday morning next, May 23. Vocalists:—Miss Dolby, Madame Ferrari, Miss Lindo, Mr. Tonnant, and Signor Ferrari. Instrumentalists:—Madame Szarvady (Wilhelmina Clauss), Herr Lidel, Signor Cavalli, and Signor Giulio Regondi. Accompanists:—Signor Billetti and Mr. Harold Thomas.

WILHELMINA CLAUSS (Madame Szarvady) will have the honour of giving a SECOND MATINEE MUSICALE, on Monday, May 24, at Willie's Rooms, King-street, assisted by Herr Molique, violin; Mr. Henry Blagrove, viola; and Signor Piatto, violoncello. To commence at Three o'clock precisely.—Reserved and numbered seats, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved seats, 7s. To be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street; and the principal Libraries and Music-sellers.

MR. HENRY C. BANISTER has the honour to announce that his Concert of CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC will take place at the Beethoven Rooms, 76, Harley-street, on Friday Evening, May 28, commencing at 8 o'clock precisely. Vocalist, Miss Dolby; Clarinet, Mr. Lazarus; Violin, Mr. J. Banister; Violoncello, Mr. Aylward; Pianoforte, Mr. Walter Macfie and Mr. Henry C. Banister. Single Tickets, Five Shillings; Triple Tickets, Half-a-Guinea. Tickets may be obtained of Mr. Henry C. Banister, 3, Gothic Cottages, Park Village East, N.W.; of Messrs. Leader and Cook, 63, New Bond-street; and at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS will read, at St. Martin's Hall, on Wednesday afternoon, May 26th, at 3 exactly, his "CHRISTMAS CAROL." On Thursday evening, May 27th, at 8 o'clock, his "CHIMES." Each Reading will last two hours. Stalls (numbered and reserved), 5s.; area and galleries, 2s. 6d.; unreserved seats, 1s. Tickets to be had at Messrs. Chapman and Hall's, publishers, 193, Piccadilly; and at St. Martin's Hall, Long-acre.

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS.—**ST. JAMES'S HALL,** Regent-street and Piccadilly. For this occasion only. Thursday morning next, May 27. By desire the Christy's Minstrels will have the honour of giving a GRAND MORNING PERFORMANCE at the above magnificent Hall, on Thursday, May 27, to commence at three o'clock precisely. Programme and full particulars will be duly announced. Balcony and Stalls (numbered and strictly reserved), 5s.; Reserved Seats, 3s.; Unreserved Seats, 2s.; Galleries, 1s. To be had at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street; at all the principal Libraries and Music Warehouses; and at the St. James's Hall.

MR. CHARLES CHAPLE has the honour to announce that his GRAND EVENING CONCERT will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms on Tuesday, May 25th. Mesdames Clara Novello, Dolby, Bassano, Augusta Manning, Henrietta Bele; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Frank Bodda, Chaple, J. Balsir, Chatterton, Paque, B. Wells, Harrison, and Land. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 7s.; Unreserved, 5s. 2, Nottingham-terrace, York-gate, Regent's-park.

MR. LANGTON WILLIAMS begs to announce to his friends and the public that his ANNUAL CONCERT will take place at the Music Hall, Store-street, on Monday, May 24th, supported by the following eminent artists:—Misses Louisa Vining (her first appearance since her provincial tour), Lascelles, Poole, Lizzy Stuart, Julia Bleaden, McAlpine, C. Moore, and Worley. Messrs. Geo. Perren, Montem Smith, Wilbey Cooper, Thomas, Frank Bodda, Viotti Collins, J. Cheshire, Wilhelm Ganz, F. Braine, Avant, and Geo. Case.

13, Great Marlborough Street.
MEMOIRS OF MADLE. RACHEL, in two volumes, with Portrait. This work will be published in a few days by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, and those who desire early copies are requested to give their orders immediately to their booksellers.

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WHITSUNTIDE.—New Chorus for Sunday Scholars, "Let Praise to the Holy and Bountiful Lord." NOTICE.—A copy of this new chorus, words and music, harmonised, will be presented to every Sunday school in Manchester and Salford, and within a circuit of seven miles, upon application, or prepaid letter addressed to Mr. R. Andrews, Sacred Music and Parisian and London Pianoforte Saloon, 84, Oxford-street, Manchester.—Orders sent, post free, for 12 stamps. Words and tune edition 1d. each, may be had of Partridge and Co., Paternoster-row, London.

CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY.—Five per cent. interest per annum is paid half-yearly on all investments of £5 and upwards, but with the annual profits, members have never received less than 6 per cent. on their subscriptions, and in one year it was 7 per cent. The privilege of withdrawing at ten days' notice, the non-liability of the investors, and the taking of plots of freehold land on the Society's estates being quite optional, are advantages which have rendered this Society one of the best modes of investing capital and savings. Prospectuses sent free to any part of the world.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—The Directors of the Crystal Palace have great pleasure in announcing that they have completed an arrangement with Mr. Gye, of the ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, Covent-garden, to give SIX GRAND CONCERTS at the Crystal Palace during the present season. The Concerts will be supported by the following unrivalled artists:—Madame Grisi, Madile. Mara, Madile. Pareja, Madame Tagliacico, Madame Bosio, Signor Mario, Signor Rossi, Signor Soldi, Signor Neri Baradji, Signor Gardoni, and Signor Taglieri. Signor Ronconi, Monsieur Zeliger, Signor Tagliacico, Signor Polouni, and Signor Granati.

The Concerts will take place on FRIDAYS, May 23rd, June 11th, 25th, July 9th, 23rd, and August 6th; once a fortnight through the season.

The admission to the Crystal Palace on the day of these Concerts will be 7s. 6d. each person. Reserved Stalls may be had 2s. 6d. each. Sets of Stalls for the Six Concerts will have priority of choice. There are now on sale.

In order, however, to meet the wishes of that large class of nobility and gentry who so constantly honoured the Opera Concerts with their patronage during the last two seasons, the Directors have determined to issue a One Guinea Ticket, which will admit to the whole of the Six Concerts. This ticket is of course not transferable.

Tickets may be obtained at the Crystal Palace; at the Central Ticket Office, No. 2, Exeter Hall; or at the Box-office of the Royal Italian Opera.

N.B. The six days above enumerated are those named as excepted days in the Directors' prospectus of the present season, but season ticket-holders will observe on referring to an adjoining advertisement that the Directors have made a most advantageous arrangement for them with regard to the above Concerts.

By order, GEO. GROVE, Secretary.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—TO SEASON TICKET-HOLDERS.—The Directors, in their arrangements with Mr. Gye for a series of Six Opera Concerts, on the six days excepted in the Season Tickets, have reserved for Season Ticket-holders the privilege of taking a NON-TRANSFERABLE SUBSCRIPTION TICKET for the series, on payment of half-a-guinea only. This Subscription Ticket can be obtained only at the Crystal Palace, or at No. 2, Exeter Hall, or presentation of the original Season Ticket of the party applying; or fresh applicants may obtain the two tickets at either of these places simultaneously, on payment of one guinea and a half.

Crystal Palace, May 19, 1858.

By order, GEO. GROVE, Secretary.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE second performance of *Don Giovanni* confirmed all that had been previously said in favour of Madlle. Titiens' Donna Anna. *Il Trovatore* was repeated on Saturday, and the *Huguenots* on Tuesday; Madlle. Poccini appearing as usual in the new ballet, *Fleur des Champs*.

The first performance of *Il Barbiere*, with Alboni as Rosina, took place on Wednesday, the Derby Day, and, in consequence, the house was by no means full. Nevertheless, those who did attend were repaid by some of the most exquisite singing ever heard. How Alboni executed Rossini's music we need not insist. Enough that she enchanted her hearers from the first note of her performance to the last. "Una voce" and "Dunque io son" were both faultless, and Rode's air, introduced in the lesson scene, created the same sensation as of old, and the last variation was tumultuously encored.

If only good singing were required, Signor Belletti would be one of the very best of Figaros; and as much may be said of Signor Belart in Count Almaviva. Both have wonderful fluency. We never heard the duet "All' idea di quel metallo" more perfectly delivered. Equally good was the trio, "Ah! qual colpo," by Alboni, Signors Belart and Belletti, the last movement of which—"Zitti, Zitti"—was followed by the loudest applause.

We cannot praise the Dr. Bartolo of Signor Rossi, although he sang the reproach to Rosina well; nor the Basilio of Signor Vialetti, whose voice is antipathetic to Rossini's music. Mad. Ghioni deserves a word of commendation for her reading of the quaint air, "Cerca Moglie," which, nevertheless, she spoiled by an ill-judged cadence at the end.

The *Barbiere* will, no doubt, be repeated. Notwithstanding the many deficiencies in the performance, the delight it afforded to the lovers of good music and good singing was unqualified. Nothing in the way of vocal achievement can surpass, or has ever surpassed, Alboni's execution of the music of Rosina.

The second act of *La Figlia* followed, with Madlle. Piccolomini, Signor Belart and Signor Vialetti; and the entertainments concluded with the divertissement, *Calisto*.

On Thursday *Don Giovanni* was given for the third time, with *Fleur-des-Champs*.

Last evening *Il Trovatore* with *Fleur-des-Champs*.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday the new theatre opened its doors to the public, notwithstanding the many prognostications to the contrary. Thousands and thousands of pounds sterling are said to have changed hands on this event, which interested a certain class of betting-men just as much as the Derby or the Leger. Be that as it may, Mr. Gye redeemed his pledge.

The daily papers have described the new theatre so minutely, and at such great length, that we must refer our readers to their columns for an account of its architectural design and merits. All we have to do is with its acoustic properties, and the lyrical performances that take place within its walls. Nor shall we devote a whole page to a record of the excitement that prefaced and accompanied the inauguration. This bare allusion must suffice. One thing tended to neutralise in some degree the hilarious enthusiasm of the Covent-Gardenites—viz., the absence of Mr. Gye on an occasion to which he had contributed so much by his zealous perseverance. The public had been informed by a paragraph in *The Times* that Mr. Gye was ill, and would not be able to witness the first results of his indomitable energy. His great nerve and spirits had supported him up to within a few days of the crowning incident; but on the eleventh hour his nerve abandoned him. Over-labour and continued anxiety had done their work; nature could do no more; and the immeasurably active manager (as Herr Wagner might call him) succumbed. Mr. Gye, however, would hear of his success, and that, no doubt, would help to quicken his convalescence far more efficiently than the prescriptions of Dr. Billing, unless that worthy gentleman, more skilled than the physician who tended Lady Macbeth, could "minister to the mind diseased."

The doors opened precisely at the hour indicated. The crowd soon thronged to the pit and galleries; but the holders of

stalls and boxes, more aristocratic and more cautious, were in less hurry to occupy their places—no doubt resolved that if the building tumbled down, the *canaille* and not themselves should be the victims. This recalls a line of Horace, which we have not space to quote—owing, as the morning papers say, when filled with parliamentary orations that nobody reads, "to the crowded state of our columns." The first view of the amphitheatre was disappointing; but the fact is, so very much was anticipated, that disappointment was sure to be the first feeling. As the eye became accustomed to the interior, however, a sense of its magnificence was awakened, and the noble simplicity of its design, no less than the vastness of its proportions, was gradually acknowledged. Then the imposing proscenium, the chaste and appropriate drop-scene of Mr. Telbin, and the enormous width of the stage, were severally inspected and admired. Not, however, to be prolix about details which one by one will so often henceforth come under our notice, we may add that there was ample time allowed before Mr. Costa made his appearance in the orchestra, to examine every object worth inspecting, and to regulate its claims to approval. When that glad event arrived, the house broke out in loud and long-continued cheering. Shortly after the band struck up the orchestral prelude to the *Huguenots*; and that *its* supremacy was undisturbed, was at once the unanimous conviction. We saw the same well-known faces, and recognised the power of that unrivalled instrumental force. Our opinion on one very essential point is still undecided; and we must await further experience to judge whether the new Covent Garden is as favourable to sound as the theatre which, after the orgies of a demoralising *bal masqué*, was reduced to ashes.

Of the performance it is unnecessary to say very much. Enough that from end to end the greatest excitement prevailed. Each favourite artist was hailed with acclamation, the highest honours being of course reserved for Grisi and Mario. The Valentine and Raoul of the evening were absolutely overwhelmed by the enthusiastic reception they encountered; and this only made them the more anxious to do well. Never was Mario grander, never was Grisi more entirely absorbed by her part. The septet in the scene of the *Pré aux Clercs* was one of the culminating points of the performance; and in this Mario exerted himself as of old, bringing down a storm of applause in the last movement of the piece (which he sang in the right key), and an encore, with which Mr. Costa very judiciously declined to comply. In the duet with Marcel, Grisi obtained her triumph; and the two together in the splendid climax to the third (fourth) act surpassing all their former efforts, raised the audience to a pitch of enthusiasm rarely created. The "ovation" after the curtain had descended was indescribable.

Madle. Marai was the Queen, Madlle. Nantier Didiée the Page, Sig. Tagliafico Nevers, Sig. Polonini St. Bris. The last three did their best, but Marai was uncommonly nervous. M. Zelger, in consequence of the protracted absence of Herr Formes, undertook the character of Marcel, which he was the first to play in England, in 1846—when the company from Brussels gave performances at Drury Lane Theatre, under the management of Mr. Delafield, to whom the English public are indebted for the *Huguenots* both in French and Italian. Mad. Tagliafico, Sig. Pierini, Sig. Rossi, and Sig. Soldi were the subordinates. It is not our intention to criticise, or we might point to several deficiencies, and especially dwell upon the unsatisfactory manner in which the quarrel between the Huguenots and Catholics, the "Rataplan" (solos by Sig. Soldi), and the "Benediction of the Poignards" were performed. But of this more hereafter. One thing we must say, however. Never on any previous occasion have we heard the Chief of the Night Watch deliver the melody of the "Courrefeu" so horribly out of tune. The band was splendid throughout, and set an example which it is to be hoped the chorus will endeavour to emulate on a future occasion.

Messrs. Beverley, Green, and Telbin are, we believe, the principal scenic artists; but by whom the separate *tableaux* were painted we are unable to say. The scene of the *Pré aux Clercs* is worthy of Mr. Stanfield. The final *tableau*, which was omitted on the first night, for reasons to be stated, is one of the

most real and interesting pictures that has ever been seen on the stage. A *carrefour*, or meeting of streets, is represented, the antique houses of old Paris with their quaint gables being reared in actual solid architectural masses. In front of the scene an elegant and admirably executed railing, with elaborately wrought gate, runs across the stage in a slanting direction, giving perspective space. This marks off the cemetery, in which Marcel, Raoul, and Valentina take refuge as a sanctuary during the massacre. The intense reality of the whole cannot be imagined till it has been seen. The execution of the trio was faultless, and the catastrophe which leads to the murder of the three Huguenots was admirably managed, the action and grouping of the principal characters, while the stage is filled up in the rear with a motley and animated crowd, bristling with arms and glaring with torches, producing a stirring impression.

Mr. A. Harris has shown his accustomed skill in the management of the general stage business. The end of the scene in which *Nevera* takes away his bride amidst the accompanying festivities, was as vivid and imposing as any of the variegated pictures of busy animated life to which the Royal Italian Opera has accustomed the public. Some more ballet, too, has been squeezed into the opera, and with it some more of Meyerbeer's ballet music, which is always welcome. But of these and other matters we cannot stop to speak just now. Suffice it, on Saturday night, the opera finished with the third (fourth) act in the midst of a discreditable riot. It was half an hour after midnight before the curtain fell on this act, of which Mr. Harris, coming forward, reminded the audience, suggesting that in consequence of the encroachment upon the Sabbath, the National Anthem should at once be proceeded with. The "Ayes" and "Noes" were equally boisterous; but as most probably the last scene was not even set, after another speech from Mr. Harris, which met with similar opposition, the curtain was lifted, and the Anthem sung—solos by Grisi. Regardless of the fact that the anniversary of the Queen's birth had been celebrated that day, the unloyal malcontents accompanied the performances by yells and hisses. And thus terminated the first performance at the new theatre, which, we agree with a contemporary, was, under the circumstances, one of the most extraordinary feats ever accomplished.

The *Huguenots* was repeated on Tuesday and Thursday, a marked improvement in all respects being noted, and the praises of Mario echoed from mouth to mouth. Never did this incomparable singer and admirable actor exhibit his great powers to more advantage. The same opera will be given to-night; and on Tuesday Mad. Bosio is to make her *rentrée* in the *Traviata*.

ITALIAN OPERA AT DRURY LANE.

La Traviata, produced on Monday, exhibited Madame Donatelli in Violetta, the part expressly written for her by Verdi. She sings the music with great brilliancy, and, no doubt, as the composer intended. Her idea of the character of the heroine, however, is too literal, and her Violetta would be the last person in the world to make a devoted lover of Alfredo. Such fluent and admirable vocalisation, nevertheless, would atone for much greater histrionic deficiency, and Madame Donatelli's success was triumphant. Signor Badiali, with the remains of a fine voice, and very considerable talent as an actor, made a capital Germont—in many respects, in fact, the best we have seen. Mr. Charles Braham sings the music of Alfredo with great feeling, and displays a very marked improvement in his acting. He nightly shares the "encores" and "recalls" with his clever Italian associates. The part of Flora is very nicely sustained by Mdlle. Bellosio. Signor Vianesi is a good conductor; but his band is not a very good band.

Rigoletto is in rehearsal, and will be produced in the course of next week.

TRINITY CHURCH.—In a paragraph recording that a collection was made in aid of the funds of this church last week, it was stated that "A Psalm, composed by Mr. Edmund Chipp, organist of Trinity Church, was performed." We should have said, was to be performed on Trinity Sunday. Mendelssohn's *Anthem*, "Hear my prayer," was given on the occasion alluded to.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

THE programme at the third concert, which took place on Monday evening, in St. James's Hall, was as follows:—

PART I.

Overture, (Fingal's Cave)	Mendelssohn.
Aria, "Infelice"	Mendelssohn.
Concerto in G minor	Mendelssohn.
Duet, "My song shall always be"	Mendelssohn.
Air, "If with all your heart"	Mendelssohn.
Symphony in A	Mendelssohn.

PART II.

Overture (King Stephen)	Beethoven.
Air, with Variations	Rode.
Solo, Pianoforte	
Recit. and Romanza (Don Sebastian)	Donizetti.
Overture (Preciosa)	Weber.

Conductor—Dr. Wylde.

We certainly looked for something newer than the first part of this selection, devoted to Mendelssohn. The pianoforte concerto and the symphony have been too much heard of late—much too much. Dr. Wylde should have induced Mdlle. Clauss to play the concerto in D minor, and have given his subscribers the C minor symphony for a change. Then again the air from *Elijah*, however well sung by Herr Reichardt, could not be found otherwise than out of place. In the oratorio this air is quite as edifying as it is beautiful: but it cannot with impunity be separated from the context. The same objection applies with equal force to the duet from the *Lobgesang*, which was entrusted to Madame Castellan and Herr Reichardt.

Nevertheless the fine execution of the symphony—every movement of which was taken in a *tempo* that Mendelssohn himself would have sanctioned—made the audience forget what a stock piece it had been for the last five or six years. Equally good was the magnificent *Fingal's Cave*, which, although perhaps the finest of Mendelssohn's concert-overtures, is less frequently brought forward than any of them. The grand scena, "Infelice," is not congenial to Madame Castellan, nor indeed to the Italian style of singing.

Madame Wilhelmina Szarvady Clauss played the concerto from memory, as she did at Exeter Hall in 1852 (when she first appeared at the concerts of the New Philharmonic Society); and was recalled by the audience at the conclusion of her performance, just as she was on the occasion alluded to.

The second part of the concert was interesting on account of the two overtures. *King Stephen*,* though one of Beethoven's latest works, is also one of his least ambitious. It is fresh, vigorous and brilliant, without any evidence of the Beethovenian depth. Every one knows the quaint and charming *Preciosa*, one of the prettiest wild flowers that ever sprang from the fertile soil of Weber's genius. This was as welcome as the overture of Beethoven, and both were capitally rendered. The "solo" of Madame Wilhelmina Szarvady Clauss consisted of two pieces by Chopin, quite as well known as the first concerto of Mendelssohn. She played them charmingly, and was again recalled by her admirers.

Mad. Castellan was far better suited in Rode's familiar air than in Mendelssohn's less familiar *scena*; and Herr Reichardt obtained well-deserved applause for the chaste expression with which he gave the romance from *Don Sebastian*—a work which the Royal Italian Opera managers have so often announced, and never produced.

At the end of some comments on the overture to *King Stephen*, Dr. Wylde inserts the following note:—

"We wrote these remarks last season, on the occasion of the performance of this overture; we now reprint them, since they explain our views and sentiments on the various styles of music. The introduction of a piece entitled 'Danse des Sylphes,' in the programme of the last concert, has exposed us to an attack from the leading journal of the day. 'Shades of the great masters rise and defend us!' Have we not introduced to the public the *Requiem* and *Masses* of Cherubini?

* The orchestral prelude to Kotzebue's Prologue, *King Stephen of Hungary*, first produced at the opening of the Opera House at Pesth.

The *Litany* and *Symphony Concertante* of Mozart; besides making familiar the works of Beethoven and Mendelssohn? Ought not these things to be remembered, and a 'Danse des Sylphes' forgiven?"

Assuredly not. The "shades of the great masters," were they to rise, would not rise to forgive, but to protest against their music being contaminated by association with such rubbish.

At the next concert we are promised Mozart's ottet (in C minor) for wind instruments; a new dramatic cantata, entitled *Comala* (subject from Ossian), by Mr. Howard Glover; Miss Louisa Pyne, and Herr Rubinstein.

MISS DOLBY AND MR. LINDSAY SLOPER'S MATINEES.

WILLIS's ROOMS were crowded by a brilliant and fashionable company on Monday afternoon, the attraction being the first of a series of concerts given by Miss Dolby and Mr. Lindsay Sloper. Mr. Lindsay Sloper displayed more than usual ambition in selecting, among other things, the grand sonata of Beethoven, in A flat, op. 110; but his performance showed that he had by no means over-estimated his powers. He is one of our most finished and admirable players, and what he undertakes he is sure to accomplish well. That the sonata, therefore, was skilfully and effectually interpreted, may be taken for granted. In Mendelssohn's trio in C minor, op. 66, for piano, violin, and violoncello, Mr. Lindsay Sloper was aided by M. Sainton and Signor Piatti. This performance was a treat of the highest order. Two "Characteristic Pieces" by Moscheles, and two compositions of his own—entitled "Sur les Flots," a "barcarolle," and "Jours Heureux," a "morceau de salon"—were also introduced by Mr. Sloper, and played to perfection.

The vocal music was confined to Miss Dolby and Mr. Santley. The lady essayed two new compositions—a setting of Tennyson's "Oriana," by Mr. Duggan, and a song entitled "Broken Vows," by Herr Francesco Berger. She sang both admirably. Nevertheless, the first was somewhat lengthy. A poem of fifty lines set to music, must possess rare merit to prevent its becoming tedious. Best of all was the air by Mozart, "Dolce corde amate," which Miss Dolby gave with true and unaffected sentiment. A Christmas song "Nazarette," the composition of Gounod, was exceedingly well sung by Mr. Santley. In addition to the above, Signor Piatti played a *Thème Varié* of his own, and delighted the audience with the elegance and brilliancy of his execution.

REUNION DES ARTS.

THE first *soirée musicale* of the eighth season took place on Wednesday evening, George W. K. Potter, Esq., President. The proceedings were under the direction of Herr Goffrie, who directed a small band of some twenty performers, in the overtures to *Don Juan* and *La Clemenza di Tito*, and in the *Jupiter* symphony. The singers were Madame Haynes, Mr. Seymour, and Herr Richard Deck, who, in songs by Donizetti, Mozart, and Boieldieu, varied the attractions of the evening. Herr Nabich threatened to blow the walls down with a trombone solo, by F. Stern; and the gentler clarinet of Herr Pape (from the Crystal Palace band), in a *fantasia* by Kalliwoda, was quite soothing, after such a tremendous display. Miss Arabella Goddard, "the bright particular star" of the evening, played (with Herr Goffrie), Mendelssohn's only sonata (at least the only one published), for piano and violin, in the most finished manner, and with the greatest applause. The concert ended (and everybody remained until the end) with "Home, sweet Home" (V. Wallace's?) performed in such a manner, by the same accomplished lady, as to thoroughly enchant the audience. Herr Goffrie deserves credit for providing such a musical treat for the *Reunion*; but we cannot help thinking that his band is *de trop*.

Herren Joseph Joachim and Rubinstein are announced to appear in the course of the season.

TAMBERLIK has signed an engagement with the Grand-Opéra in Paris for three months, to commence in March or April next year. He is at present at Brussels, and will shortly leave for Padua.

MR. BLAGROVE'S QUARTET CONCERT.

THE novelty at the third concert, which took place on Tuesday evening, was the quartet of Ferdinand David, in A minor, Op. 32, heard for the first time in this country. It was finely executed by Messrs. Blagrove, Isaac, R. Blagrove, and Aylward, and its merits displayed in the fairest light. The other quartet was Mendelssohn's in E flat, No. 5, op. 44, a work of a far higher order, which did not require the attraction of novelty to recommend it. Thalberg and De Beriot's Duo Concertante, pianoforte and violin, was performed by Miss Cecilia Summerhayes and Mr. Blagrove; and Mr. Blagrove played a selection from studies of his own composition. The vocal music was entrusted to Miss Lascelles and Mr. Santley.

HERR PAUER'S SOIRÉES.

THE programme of the second of these entertainments, which attracted a numerous and fashionable audience to the Hanover Square Rooms, on Wednesday night, contained some features of very great interest. Herr Joseph Joachim was the prominent attraction; and this great master, associated with Herr Ries, Herr Pollitzer, and the accomplished Sig. Piatti, afforded an unusual treat by his magnificent performance of Beethoven's 11th violin quartet (in F minor)—that gorgeous ambassador of the "Posthumous," so called, although they were published in the lifetime of the composer. Herr Joachim also astonished the audience by his superb execution of one of the caprices of Paganini (variations), at the end of which he was recalled with enthusiasm. He also joined Herr Pauer and Signor Piatti in Schubert's pianoforte trio, Op. 99 (in B flat), and played the violin obbligato in the *contralto* air, "Erbarne Dich," from Bach's *Passion of St. Matthew*, which Mad. Pauer sang with artistic feeling. Besides all this, the sonata of Beethoven, Op. 5 (in F) for piano and violoncello, was admirably executed by Herr Pauer and Sig. Piatti; Her Pauer performed a *suite de pièces* of his own composition, for piano *solus* (consisting of *preludio*, *sarabande*, *allemande*, *courante*, *menuetto*, *gigue*), which had the form (if not the spirit) of Handel and Bach; while other vocal solos and duets (from Handel, Mendelssohn, and Herr Pauer) were contributed by Miss Kemble and Madame Pauer. The concert was to end with Liszt's *Carnaval de Pesta*, to be performed by Herr Pauer; but for this, after so much good music, we did not feel inclined to remain. Herr Pauer and Mr. Harold Thomas were the accompanists.

JULLIEN IN EDINBURGH.

(From the *Caledonian Mercury*, May 15.)

THE far-famed Jullien gave his concert last night in the Music Hall, which was crowded in every part, as it could hardly fail to be, considering that the programme was one of the most attractive description for a popular concert. The orchestra consisted of upwards of thirty executants. The solo performers were great as ever; and the concert was a very delightful one, embracing a mixture of classical and popular compositions, rarely if ever combined, except by Jullien. The classical portion of the concert consisted of—first, the overture to *Leonora*, by Beethoven, the third of four written by that great composer for his opera of *Fidelio*—the best of the set, and his own favourite. Who can wonder? It is a composition which no musician can fail to appreciate and admire, and as performed last night was most effective. Second, the Andante from Mendelssohn's *Italian Symphony* in A—as fine a slow movement as is to be found in the works of any composer, and worthy to rank with the most celebrated of Beethoven. Third, the Andante from Haydn's *Surprise Symphony*, forming a good contrast with Mendelssohn's slow movement already noticed. The vocal performers were Miss Louisa Vining and Miss Rance. It would be hardly fair to pass any opinion upon the latter, who perceptibly, and as M. Jullien announced, was suffering from a very severe cold. This, however, did not prevent her singing with Miss Vining a Mendelssohn's "I would that my love"—a most lovely and melodious duet. Miss Louisa Vining, once

known as the Infant Sappho, is one of the few prodigies who have come "to something." She has a most winning (Vinning?) manner, and a beautiful voice. She sang "Tacea la notte," from Verdi's *Trovatore*, exquisitely; and being encored, gave "Where the bee sucks." At a later part of the evening, with "Home, sweet home," she entirely captivated the audience; and in obedience to a rapturous encore, sang "Comin' through the rye," with no less spirit and sweetness. Again called forward, she gracefully acknowledged the compliment, and retired amidst uproarious applause. This young lady is one of the most charming singers we have ever had the pleasure of listening to. Her voice is clear and powerful, and her smile enchanting. We hope soon to have again the pleasure of hearing her. M. Remenyi's violin solos displayed effects which we had never heard before. It is quite impossible to describe them. The flute solo of Herr Reichert was the performance of a real artist; and as regards the quadrilles, waltzes, and polkas, we need hardly say they were excellent—since they were Jullien's own.

THEATRES IN PARIS.

THERE is in expectation at the Grand-Opéra a ballet—a scintillation from the concient brains of Théophile Gautier and Emile Royer—but at what precise date and hour it is to peer above the horizon of the Rue Lepelletier, theatrical magi are unable to discern. Meanwhile, what is certain—that is as certain as history can be, compared with prophecy—is the engagement of Tamberlik, which is to date from the 1st of April, 1859, and to run to the expiration of three months from that day—with us sacred to fools, with our neighbours to fishes. The terms are a trifle—£1,000—to which the day should be sacred to fools or fishes—ninnies or finnies—verily it would seem to either, or more properly to both. Friday last the Dutch Queen visited the Opéra, and in her honour the *Corsair* was revived: if we can see the *à propos* we are Dutchmen, for the *Corsair* was none, though he may have sailed in company with the flying one, unknown to his noble biographer.

Madame Ristori, to whom the grim one hath accorded brevet rank, as the first *tragédienne* of Europe, ventures—(the same friend having made all things smooth—well rolled the turf over alas, how mournful a grave! adventures in—hush! is she quite dead?—quite—quite—alas!) on *Phèdre*. The ambitious Italian had not even, like Prince Hal, tried this, the crown, to feel its weight ere it rightfully lapsed to her. Will it not crush her? Apparently not. The forgetful Parisians have made it light for her. Could poor Rachel's sublime effects in this part and others have been sold with her other and worldly effects, how would Madame Ristori have run up the bidding, and what a supplement of wealth would have flowed therefrom to kindle the greedy eyes of the grovelling tribe to whom nature in mockery gave such a sister. What matters. Paris thought *Fedra* very fine, and overwhelmed the Italian favourite with bouquets, crowns, and "La reine est morte. Vive la reine!"

It is premised that Meyerbeer's new opera will be put into rehearsal ere very long.

LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—(From our Correspondent.)—A general festival committee meeting was held last Monday, when it was decided that the festival shall take place on the 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th of September, the first day being on a Tuesday. The works to be performed on the mornings of these days are—Tuesday, *Elijah*; Wednesday, Haydon's *Seasons*; Thursday, Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, and selections from Bach's *Passions Musik*; Friday, *Messiah*. I am informed on good authority that amongst the secular novelties for the evening concerts will be Professor Bennett's new Cantata, *The May Queen*, the composition of which, as you are aware, was commenced prior to the announcement of Mr. Macfarren's Cantata on the same subject, entitled *May-day*. Her Majesty has allowed her name to head the list of patronesses to the festival, and this has caused many of the nobility also to send in theirs. The guarantee fund already amounts to the respectable sum of £3,500.

MOZART'S FIGARO IN PARIS.

(From *La Revue et Gazette Musicale*.)

THE names of the authors were not announced after the first performance. That of the composer was, doubtless, very well known, and, also, that of the poet, if it was Beaumarchais. But the latter had various *collaborateurs*. First, there was the Abbé Casti, the author of the *libretto*. He was a very skilful versifier, and an elegant, clever, and smart poet. He did not possess, however, the spirit, the fire, and the fineness of touch which distinguishes his original. He has paraphrased admirably certain passages of the French piece, such, for instance, as the passage in which Cherubino relates the new sensations beginning to spring up in his soul; and that again in which Figaro recapitulates to the page, when he has been appointed an officer, the advantages and disadvantages of the military profession. I could mention several others. The air, "Voi che sapete," belongs entirely to the Italian poet, and is, even leaving the music out of consideration, a little master-piece. After the works of Metastasio, the *Nozze di Figaro* is certainly the most elegantly written *libretto* we have had, and contains the most good lines. It strikes me, however, that the comic portion of the French piece is less comic in the Italian one, and that the peculiar *vis comica*, which is one of the most striking features of Beaumarchais's literary physiognomy is considerably deadened.

It was necessary that this translation should be re-translated from Italian into French, in order that the patrons of the Théâtre-Lyrique might be enabled to enjoy Mozart's music. This was a task attended with quite a new kind of difficulty. Our poetry is far from possessing the conciseness, rapidity, or freedom, distinguishing that of our southern neighbours. To change Italian into French verses, especially operatic verses, is like dancing with gyves upon one's wrists, and leaden soles to one's shoes. We must not, therefore, be too hard upon our lyrical translators. If they render the meaning, and respect the musical text, we ought to declare ourselves satisfied. I shall, therefore, not think of addressing any reproaches to the author, whoever he may be, of the new translation of *Les Noces de Figaro*, and there are many things for which I might praise him. As the *recitatives* have been suppressed, I regret, in common with many others, that Beaumarchais's dialogue has not been substituted, purely and simply, in all those portions of the piece which were not sung, as was formerly done in *Le Barbier de Séville*, and quite recently, in *Le Médecin malgré Lui*. But this was precisely the cause of all the evil. Those worthy individuals, *les comédiens ordinaires* of his Majesty, the Emperor, complained, it is said, bitterly, of the incursions made into their territory by the Théâtre-Lyrique, and cried out that they were being robbed. The dispute was settled by an ingenious compromise: let Beaumarchais's prose be translated into verse, and the Théâtre-Français will not recognise it.

It appears to me that the Théâtre-Français was afraid of an imaginary danger. It is Mozart's music that people go to hear at the other establishment. As for the comedy—lively, sparkling, delicate, bold, and dashing—everyone knows that it is to be found only in the Rue Richelieu. After all, these mutual jealousies of various theatres, jealousies founded on old customs and old prejudices, are now-a-days nothing more than anachronisms. We should remember that the railroads bring, every day, to Paris, eight or ten thousand travellers, who, when their business is transacted, have no other means of employing their evenings than by going to the theatre. It is to these persons that we owe the prodigious augmentation in theatrical receipts, regularly announced in the papers at the end of every month. They fill all our places of amusement, from which they sometimes drive the Parisians themselves. There are now spectators enough for all our theatres, and if we had fifty instead of twenty-five, the fifty would do a good business.

Les Noces de Figaro had not been performed in Paris for some twenty years. In 1838, the management of the Italian Opera, then banished to the Odéon by the burning of the Salle Favart, put this charming opera on the stage in the most brilliant manner. The part of Almaviva was played by Tamburini, and that of Figaro by Lablache. Mad. Persiani sang the part of Rosina

and Giulia Grisi that of Susanne. I do not know who was the Cherubino, but I may safely say, without fear of compromising myself, that he was not equal to the present representative of the part. Mad. Carvalho sings the air of the first act, and that of the second, long known as "Mon cœur soupire," with a delicacy and charming grace that no one could surpass, only she ends the first with a B flat, which we do not find in the score, and which, introduced as it is, and not supported by the orchestra, appears somewhat harsh. Perhaps, too, she executes "Mon cœur soupire" too precipitately. I can, at least, assert that all the artists who sang this air in Paris before her, if we go back as far as Mad. Mainville, and even Mad. Barilli, gave it more slowly.

The duet commonly entitled "the duet of the letter" was not in her part, but in that of Susanne. Mad. Carvalho considered it lawful spoil, and allotted it as her own share, just as the lion claims the best part of the deer.

"Elle doit être à moi, dit-il, et la raison,
C'est que je m'appelle lion.
À cela l'on n'a rien à dire."

To effect this transfer from one part to the other, it was necessary to change the character of the *morceau*, and make of a piece of banter, full of grace and lightness, a plaintive elegy. I do not venture to assert that Mozart has gained by this, but Mad. Carvalho has not lost; clapping of hands, stamping of feet, shouts—nothing was wanting to her triumph, immediately corroborated and confirmed by a cry of "Encore" unanimously echoed by a thousand voices. As I am bound to render unto Cesar that which is Cesar's, I lose no time in adding that Mad. Van-den-Heuvel, who sang the part of the Countess, has a right to claim a share of this success, for there is no duet which may more legitimately be entitled, a duet for *two equal voices*. Mad. Van-den-Heuvel executes the admirable *largetto* in E flat, which serves as introduction to the second act, and the grand air of the third, with that irreproachable correctness, that elegance and nobleness of style, so well known to us. Mad. Ugalde infuses into the part of Susanne her usual spirit, boldness, and brilliancy. Though the "duet of the letter" has been taken from her, that of the "rendezvous," at least, has been left her, and she produces in it the most pungent effect. It is impossible to display more delicacy in the alternation of the "Yes," and "No," or to make more of this delicious caprice of the composer. She is no less charming in all the points of the first act, and in the little duet with Marceline in the first.

The union of these three artists, *di primo cartello*, as they say in Italy, will, no doubt, prove an irresistible attraction for the public, and doubtless that which the great name of Mozart, and the incontestable merit of his work cannot fail to exercise. M. Meillet plays the part of Figaro with great talent. He exhibits dash and brilliancy in the air which terminates the first act—that model *rondo* that every one knows by heart. The preceding air in F, in three-time, used to be sung much more quickly, and produced a far greater effect.

The voice of M. Balanqué was dull in the part of Almaviva, which he played rather coldly. He will acquit himself better, probably, as he becomes better acquainted with it. I may, also, be allowed to hope that the orchestra will acquire more accent, colour, brilliancy, and energy, when its conductor, to whose intelligence I have often done justice, is better acquainted with Mozart's intentions. Is it not to be regretted that no one was to be found in the theatre to give the real *tempo* of so many *morceaux*, the effect of which is sometimes lessened by being taken too slowly, but oftener by a too petulant vivacity?

Despite these trifling errors, the opportunity thus afforded them of studying one of the masterpieces of musical art is a piece of good fortune for real amateurs. Mozart entitled his work *Dramma Giocoso*. It was not, therefore, an *opera buffo* he wished to produce, and he was right, for it would seem that Heaven has reserved for the Italians alone the privilege of that species of music. The *Nozze* is a comic opera, as temperate in its style as many French comic operas. It even contains pieces of a very serious kind, especially in the second and third acts. It may be accused of a certain too uniform and rather monotonous tinge. But how are these trifling defects compensated by

qualities of the first order! What an inexhaustible abundance of motives! what a wealth of ideas! what cleverness delicacy, grace! what perfect taste! what moderation in everything! what profound science! what admirable art in the construction of the various pieces, in the management of the details, and in the proportions of the whole! What magnificence in the development of the finale to the second act, which is one of the masterpieces of its kind! Perhaps, others have since been composed, which are grander in their effect, but, to appreciate justly the genius of an artist, we must compare him with what has preceded and not with what has followed him. If we look at the matter from this point of view, we shall hardly ever find any model for Mozart's important works, and we are terrified at the power of that genius which created simultaneously the idea, the style, the form of the various pieces, the harmonic arrangement, and the instrumental combinations, always introducing innovations, and never making a mistake. "He possessed," said Rossini, when contemplating the manuscript of *Don Juan*, "as much genius as science, and as much science as genius. His was the most complete musical organisation that ever existed." After such praise from such a mouth, there is nothing more to be said.

LEON DUCROCHER.

NE PLUS ULTRA AND PLUS ULTRA.

(From the *Illustrated Times*.)

At the second of Miss Goddard's concerts, that admirable pianist, who is at once the youngest and the most accomplished performer of the present day, played the *Ne Plus Ultra* of Woelfl in the first part, and the *Plus Ultra* of Dussek in the second. There is a story connected with these sonatas which may be new to some of our readers. Woelfl's composition was, when it appeared, the most difficult piece that had ever been written for the pianoforte. In his time (the early time of Beethoven), as in ours, there were numbers of composers who wrote pianoforte music solely with a view to display. Woelfl was a genuine musician; but indignant at the success achieved by ignorant composers of "airs with variations," he determined, once for all, to write a piece which the charlatanic professors of the day should not only be unable to rival, but which they should positively be incapable of executing. Considering that in this *morceau* he had attained the limit which separates the difficult from the impossible, Woelfl entitled it *Ne Plus Ultra*; and as he had foreseen, numerous professors of high repute, when requested by their pupils to play it, were obliged to excuse themselves from any such attempt. Woelfl had beaten the charlatans on their own ground, but, true to his instincts, he had taken care to preface the variations with an *adagio* and *allegro* worthy of himself and of the musical art. But soon came Dussek with his admirable sonata, called the "Retour à Paris," which the London publisher, conceiving to be fuller of difficulties even than the celebrated composition of Woelfl, christened "*Plus*" *Ultra*. We are unable to judge which of the two presents the greater mechanical difficulties, but the prize of beauty must certainly be awarded to Dussek's piece. It has been heard at concerts before now, but never to such advantage as on Wednesday last, when executed by Miss Arabella Goddard. All the emotion which this charming pianist does not exhibit in her countenance and gestures, appears to be reserved for her playing, than which nothing more tender and more impassioned can be heard. The contrast is as complete as between the outward frenzy and the inward coldness of some of our continental friends—players who would have us believe that they are suiting the action to the sound, and who, imitating in their own way their hispionic prototypes in Hamlet, do their best to "tear a piano to tatters." This calmness of manner, which is so remarkable in Miss Goddard, is in fact one of the last results of art. It is seen in Goethe, as its total absence may be observed in the poets of the French romantic school—ostentatiously passionate themselves, but for the most part unable to move the passions of their readers.

VIVIER, at the invitation of the King of Portugal, has left Paris for Lisbon, to be present at the fêtes in honour of the Royal Marriage.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

ON Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, MUSIC HATH CHARMS, KING LEAR, and SAMUEL IN SEARCH OF HIMSELF.

Tuesday and Thursday, THE STOCK EXCHANGE; or, The Green Business, FAUST AND MARGUERITE, and SAMUEL IN SEARCH OF HIMSELF.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEAN respectfully inform the Public that their ANNUAL BENEFIT will take place on SATURDAY, JUNE 12th, upon which occasion Shakspeare's Play of THE MERCHANT OF VENICE will be produced with the same accuracy of detail and historical correctness that have marked the previous revivals at this theatre. In consequence of this arrangement KING LEAR will be repeated ELEVEN NIGHTS more, and then withdrawn, to make room for THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. KING LEAR, Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Saturday evening next, May 22, the performance will commence with the new comedietta, A DOUBTFUL VICTORY. After which a new farce, entitled TICKLISH TIMES. To conclude with BOOTS AT THE SWAN. Commence at half-past 7.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—On Saturday evening, May 22, the performance will commence with OUR FRENCH LADY'S MAID. To be followed by THE GOVERNOR'S WIFE; OR, MATRIMONIAL SPECULATION. To conclude with YOUR LIFE'S IN DANGER.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, MR. JOHN DOUGLASS. Production of a Grand Dramatic Play, with new scenery, dresses, &c., and a new version of THE REGIMENT'S DAUGHTER. Miss Rebecca Isaacs and Mr. G. K. Dickenson every evening. On Whit Monday, and during the week, to commence with POMPEII; OR, THE DOOMED CITY. Supported by Mr. G. K. Dickenson, Mr. James Johnston, Mr. Frederick Morton, Mr. G. B. Bigwood, Mrs. R. Henner, Miss Stewart, and Miss Downer. And to conclude with a new version of THE REGIMENT'S DAUGHTER. Supported by Miss R. Isaacs and the whole strength of the company. No advance in prices.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 22ND, 1858.

THE English are not open to the charge of being slow in recognising the merits of foreigners, and of foreign artists especially. On the contrary, we rather overdo the thing, and are now and then laughed at for our want of judgment. In most circles, the mere fact of not being native-born entitles musical professors to a consideration wholly apart from their intrinsic deserts. This has been so for a century past. No doubt our partiality for foreigners was engendered at a period when their superiority was manifest. But times have greatly changed, and musicians with them. We have profited by the example of our continental visitors, who, in return for the fortunes they have earned in this country, have initiated the aborigines in the art of turning a penny for themselves.

It is now no longer indispensable to learn any branch of music from a foreign master. We have professors of harmony and composition, professors of the violin, pianoforte, organ, and every other instrument, professors of singing, and professors of harmony, counterpoint and the art of composition—not "shams," as, with few exceptions, was formerly the case, but just as well-instructed and just as competent as the majority of those "illustrious strangers" who honour our foggy atmosphere by inhaling it.

How then are we to understand the predilection for *Sig-nori*, *Messieurs*, and *Herren* that still prevails to so alarming an extent with the nobility and wealth of this country? How explain the fact that Signors Plotti and Rummi, who know nothing about singing, Herren Bauer and Bragger who know less of the piano, should be courted and patronised at the expense of their betters?—unless by the existence of a strong anti-national feeling among the upper classes, which

might suggest a new chapter for the next edition of Mr. Thackeray's transcendent *Book of Snobs*. This hankering after bearded and mustachioed foreigners is, in short, snobbish to the last degree. It has also a bad tendency, inasmuch as it helps in a great measure to prevent those who should be the real patrons of art from acquiring a healthy taste for it. All the good that may be effected by quartets and sonatas, at the *—l —n*, is neutralised by the Italian professor of roulades, the French dealer in mock-sentiment, and the German clavier-splitter. The "English Mees" (as M. de Florac calls her, in *The Newcomes*) having just heard one of Beethoven's grandest works at St. James's Hall, which the "analytical synopsis" insinuates she is able to comprehend and enjoy, returns home to "sol fa" with Sig. Plotti, who has a sovereign contempt for the "Musica tedesca senza melodia," and to "thrum" with Herr Block, who tells his "schulerinn" that they don't know how to play German music in England. What follows? Beethoven is forgotten—for "Ernani involami," and the *Onzième Aubade* of Herr Block.

This brings us to another phase in the relations between exotic professors and their pupils. Generous, lavish—stupidly lavish—as we have been and are still in their praise, the foreigners by no means return our benevolence in grain. We have reason to know that, in the majority of instances, the meritorious English artist, who devotes himself nobly to the pursuit of art for art's sake, and is satisfied with the approbation of the public and the press, as a reward for all the toil, the wear and tear of physical and mental faculties, inseparable from an earnest desire to attain the highest excellence, has no more busy enemies. Of course there are many admirable exceptions; but these are our *Benedicts*, our *Garcias*, *Moliques*, *Costas*, &c., whom we regard more as compatriots than as strangers—or such distinguished occasional visitors as Mendelssohn, Spohr, Ernst, Joachim and the like. Examples to the contrary—were we disposed to personality (which may happen some fine Saturday)—could be signalled by the dozen. At present we refrain from mentioning names. The system, adopted by the designing intrigues to whom we allude, is generally to damn by faint praise, wherever they cannot outrage public opinion by wholesale condemnation.

As for example:—

SCENE.—*The Drawing-room at the Duchess of Fitzbattleaxe's.*

THE DUCHESS OF FITZBATTLEAXE (who speaks French, Italian, German, Spanish—anything but English).—"Bon jour, Mons. Durillon d'Engelure. Je me suis bien amusé, hier, au concert de Mdlle. Dolby. J'ai entendu M. Lindsay Sloper. Il a joué la sonate en *la bémol* de Beethoven—œuvre 110—avec une finesse—un toucher—enfin une netteté, qui m'ont plu, infinité. N'est ce pas qu'il joue bien?"

MONS. DURILLON D'ENGELURE.—"Oui, Madame la Duchesse, il a du mérite, sans doute; mais, d'un autre côté, il est d'une froideur glaciaise."

THE DUKE OF FITZBATTLEAXE (an old soldier, who hates foreigners, and especially Frenchmen).—"Ah, Mons. d'Engelure vous êtes sévère. Que dites vous alors de notre grand pianiste, Stendale Bennett? Son talent doit plaire même aux François, dont l'exigence et vraiment provoquante."

M. DURILLON D'ENGELURE.—"Milord,—la gamme—même la gamme perlée, velou—tée—croyez le bien, Milord—n'est pas tout. Je recherche le style, voyez vous—le style. C'est le style, ainsi dit, qui lui manque. C'est par là qu'il pêche. Du reste, Milord, l'Anglais n'est pas né musicien. Il apprend, c'est vrai, mais à rebrousse-poil. Le John Bull pur sang aime plutôt juger—que dirai-je?—payer les artistes. Les choses s'arrangent bien comme cela. Milord, j'ai l'honneur de vous saluer. Mdlle. Marie et le jeune Arthur Napoléon Fitzbattleaxe m'attendent. J'entends déjà l'andante de mes *Murmures*, dont Mdlle. Marie surtout raffole." (*Exit* M. Durillon d'Engelure.)

DUKE (to Duchess).—"That fellow's a donkey."

DUCHESSE (to Duke).—"Fi donc! Milord —————."

DUKE (*to Duchess*).—"Do, for heaven's sake, speak English. I detest that d---d French jargon."

Enter Sig. TESEO CIPOLLANI.

DUCHESS.—"Bon jour, Monsieur. Dites donc—M. Durillon d'Engelure n'aime pas trop le jeu de notre pianiste Sterndale Bennett. Mon mari trouve M. d'Engelure sévère—."

DUKE (*for once bursting out into a French monosyllable*)—"Bête."

SIG. TESEO CIPOLLANI. (*Aside*) "Bravissimo, il Duce!" (*Aloud*) "Zéro Madam—e la Duchessa—il y a zouer et zouer—sapez voi. Le mecanism—e et indispensable. Qu'il en possèd—e, je ne le nie pas. Anche a-t-il un assez zoli tousser. Ma (*Per Bacco!*) zéro Madam—e, ze demande surtout le sentiment—l'AM—e—sans quoi ze rest—e freddo. Quelque zos—e manca. Enfin—la musica z'est l'am—e'et, vice versa, l'am—e z'est la musica."

DUCHESS.—"Monsieur, je vous sais grand connoisseur, et vous devez savoir. Après tout, le jeu de M. Bennett manque de distinction. Aussi est-il quelque fois plat et tant soit peu—"

SIG. TESEO (*interrupting her with enthusiasm*).—"Agghiaiacciato?"

DUCHESS.—"Vous avez trouvé le mot. Vous êtes bien spirituel bien fin.—Sig. Cipollato—"

SIG. TESEO.—"Cipollani, s'il vous plait, Madam—e la Duchessa."

Enter HERR BLOCK.

DUCHESS (*forgetting herself*).—"Ah, here's Herr Block. (*Recollecting herself*) Bon jour, Monsieur. Nous jasons pianistes. Monsieur ne veut pas que nous en ayons. Vous devez savoir mieux que lui, puisque vous enseignez le piano; et vous êtes grand artiste par dessus le marché. Vous avez entendu auant-hier—au moins d'après ce que l'on me dit—vous avez entendu jouer la petite Goddard—Arabella—n'est ce pas vrai?"

HERR BLOCK.—"Oui, Madame, je l'ai entendue."

DUCHESS.—"Qu'en pensez-vous, Herr Block?"

HERR BLOCK.—"Plock, Matame, s'il vous plait. Je vous en prie, Matame, je fais fous reblier. (*After some reflection, and with a look of great profundity*) Asirement, Matame, cedde bedise ville, elle sait vaire ses kammes—si l'art de jier sir le piano se porne a vaire tes kammes. Aber, bir vaire ein crant ardisde il vaut de brovondes gonaissances enziglobétiques—ed le chénie—sirdoud le chénie. Aber, cedde bedise temoissele se drombe en brenant la kamme bir le chénie."

(Duke of Fitzbattleaxe rushes out. What else passes between the Duchess and Herr Block must be left to the imagination of the reader.)

Whatever some of our readers may think, there is very little exaggeration in the above. We know several persons to whom foreign music-masters have spoken of English artists like Mr. Sloper, Professor Bennett, and Miss Arabella Goddard, in terms quite as disparaging as any of those employed by M. Durillon d'Engelure, Sig. Cipollani, and Herr Block; and how this metropolis is infested with Engelures, Cipollanis and Blocks, it is hardly necessary to insist. Nevertheless, we may warn these gentlemen, in the language of Policeman X, that "there is a *hi* upon 'em," a *bull's-eye*—viz., John Bull's.

Foreign musicians have little to complain of here; and "Live and let live" should be their maxim no less than our own.

In the preface to his admirable work on "Shakspeare"—which, by the way, ought to be translated into English—Professor Gervinus remarks that in the history of European civilisation two men make their appearance with the special mission of preserving the old family link that exists between the great nations of the Teutonic race—that is to say, the English and the Germans. These two men are Shakspeare and Handel, and the union consists in each branch of the family acknowledging as a sort of compatriot the genius who, by birth, belongs to the other. The Germans look up to Shakspeare as the patriarch of their national poets: Handel is worshipped by English lovers of music as the national composer.

We sincerely hope that the very correct views of Professor Gervinus may not be disturbed by the perusal of a

mournful document, that we are about to lay before our readers. That Professor Gervinus studies the *Musical World* every week we have not the slightest doubt, and therefore we accompany the document with certain remarks that will serve as a preventive to the baneful effects it might otherwise occasion. The document is not fit to be sent abroad, like a protestant bible, without note or comment. Unexplained, it will brand the whole nation with infamy; explained, it will show that the sins of certain societies, not of the people in general, have caused a state of things so discreditable to the British character.

Here is the document, and attention is particularly invited to the paragraph which we have printed in italics:—

"TO THE MEMBERS AND SUPPORTERS OF MUSICAL SOCIETIES, AND PROFESSORS AND AMATEURS OF MUSIC GENERALLY.

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

"I beg permission to address you in reference to the project for the erection of a Bronze Statue of Handel at Halle, his birth-place. Considerable progress has been made in the work, which it is intended shall be completed in the coming year, 1859—that being the centenary of Handel's death.

"His Royal Highness Prince Frederick William, and other members of the Royal House of Prussia, with many royal and distinguished personages throughout Germany, have volunteered their patronage and support to the undertaking; and liberal subscriptions have already been raised.

"Her Majesty the Queen has been pleased to subscribe £50, and His Royal Highness the Prince Consort £25, to the fund raising in London; and I am happy in being able to state that the Members of the Sacred Harmonic Society, at their Annual Meeting on the 9th instant, voted £50 towards the same object. The Committee of the Society have likewise forwarded to Berlin, for the use of the sculptor commissioned to execute the work, a cast from the face of the statue of Handel by Roubiliac, now in the Society's Office at Exeter Hall.

"Notwithstanding, however, the important assistance afforded by the subscriptions alluded to, the entire contributions from England do not much exceed £200, received from less than one hundred subscribers.

"Believing the object to be one which must commend itself to the feelings of many thousands in this country who have received delight from the performance of Handel's works, and being satisfied that the small amount of interest hitherto taken in the project is attributable mainly to its not being sufficiently known, I am induced to attempt to give additional publicity to it, and to press the subject upon the attention of some of those who, there can be no doubt, would desire to cooperate in such an undertaking.

"Subscriptions of 1s., or larger sums, in accordance with this Circular, may be remitted to Mr. J. F. Puttick, 191, Piccadilly, London, W., who will forward a receipt to each contributor.

"The object more especially in view being to elicit an expression of feeling from such a vast number of persons as would bear some fair proportion to the estimation in which Handel's genius is regarded in England, it will afford the Committee much pleasure (whilst not absolutely limiting the amount of subscription from societies or individuals) to receive from you and your friends the small subscription of ONE SHILLING EACH, in aid of the project for erecting, in Handel's birth-place, some enduring record of his genius.

"Although the sums raised in England are not to be forwarded until the statue is in course of erection at Halle, it is most important that the amount available should be at once ascertained. I have therefore to acquaint you that this office will be open daily, from twelve until five o'clock; and on Friday evenings, from eight until ten o'clock, for a limited period, for the personal payment of subscriptions, which may also be forwarded by post-office order, payable to me, at Charing Cross office, or in postage-stamps. Permit me to add, that promptitude in forwarding any amount will materially enhance the satisfaction with which your contributions will be received.

"I should not have presumed, in my individual capacity as a member of the English Committee, thus to address you in reference to this project, had I not previously received full authority for so doing from Sir George Smart, the president; Mr. Henry F. Broadwood, the treasurer; and Mr. Klingemann, the honorary secretary of that committee. Having also taken an active part in the Great Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace, last year, and anticipating, concurrently with the erection of the Halle statue, the opportunity of aiding in a far grander display of Handel's genius at the Great Commemoration of 1859,

I trust that I may be permitted to appeal to you in all earnestness for your prompt and united assistance—subscribing myself,
"Ladies and Gentlemen, your very obedient servant,
" ROBERT BOWLEY,
"Treasurer of the Sacred Harmonic Society.

"Halle Handel Statue Office,
"No. 2, Exeter Hall, London, W.C., 17th March, 1858."

This is the worship of Handel, is it? Deduct from the sum of £200 the subscription of the Queen and the Prince Consort, amounting together to £75, and £125 remains as the noble exponent of British enthusiasm on the subject of Handel. No doubt of the sincerity of the worship; but the directors have resolved, it would appear, that the cost of incense shall not be ruinous. We once heard an enthusiastic Scot glorify John Knox because he had founded a cheap church; but he who founded Handel worship in England has beaten John Knox hollow. The centenary of Handel's death is to be celebrated by the erection of a statue in the place of Handel's birth, and to assist in the pious work, John Bull, the most enthusiastic of all his admirers, rushes forward with the sum of £125 jingling in his breeches-pocket. Has the aforesaid John been studying the parable of the Widow's Mite, and deduced from it a wrong moral? The Widow's mite was acceptable, John, because the Widow was poor; had she been rich like you, John, her mite would have been deemed insulting.

These images rise before the mind on the perusal of Mr. Bowley's address, without note or comment. But they are images that by no means represent the truth. John Bull has not been so backward with his money, but in the hurry occasioned by his zeal, he has dropped it into the wrong box.

The fact is, the Crystal Palace and Sacred Harmonic Companies, taking advantage of the excitement caused by the project of the statue at Halle, got up a scheme for a Handel celebration of their own. One grand festival took place, under their joint auspices last year; another is to come in 1859, and the profits arising from the solemnities have been, and are to be, devoted to the especial benefit of the two companies. Thus the very noble scheme of the statue is thrown completely into the shade, and deluded John Bull, forgetting all about Halle, fancies he is paying the highest possible honour to Handel by paying for a few concerts that will be forgotten in two years, instead of inscribing his generosity on good solid bronze. The sum cleared by the festival amounted to £10,000, and the Sacred Harmonic Society having made therefrom the princely donation of £50, now draws up a begging letter, and laments the parsimony of the English public. We are reminded of an incident in the vulgar old play, called *Tom and Jerry*. When Bob Logic is arrested in the midst of a splendid party that he is giving at his own house, Jemmy Green, who is among the guests, takes occasion to read him a lecture on his extravagance, having his mouth crammed all the time with the dainties which poor Bob's excessive generosity has provided. Much in the same fashion the Sacred Harmonic Society gets up a concert that diverts the funds of the Handel worshippers from the only fitting channel, and, while enjoying the proceeds, sings a Jeremiad on the stinginess of Britons in the matter of the statue.

A French moral philosopher was of opinion that if men lived in houses made of glass, their actions would be uniformly virtuous. Had he foreseen the doings that can take place in Crystal Palaces, he would have kept his theory to himself.

THE co-existence at the present time of no less than three Italian Operatic Companies appealing to the patronage of the London public is surely not a fact to pass unnoticed. The occurrence is unparalleled in the history of the stage in this or any other country. What does it portend? In one shape or another consequences must ensue in some degree proportionate to the magnitude of the fact. Let the reader measure what is implied in the statement that three entire Italian *troupes* are at this instant within the bills of mortality; let him imagine the entire host required for the due performance of the ordinary *répertoire* of a first-class operatic theatre. Multiply this formidable array by three, and conceive all these human pipes, at "some time of the night," quavering, thrilling, roaring, and screaming forth the contents of three Italian *libretti* in the ear of a complacent British public, and to Verdi's music. Trombones and ophicleides!—could Pandemonium equal the din! The wear and tear to the tympanum alone is something to reckon, but how will the sensorium fare? What impression is likely to be left on the minds and tastes of those who have taught themselves to endure this form of amusement, and to consider its encouragement as the mark of a rather distinguished tone? After submitting their ears to the most bewildering conglomeration of sounds more or less musical, uttered by a promiscuous herd of every degree of capacity, from the highest to one requiring a negative exponent—after habituating their intellects to the confused impressions produced by foreign words and foreign gestures, conveying, when by a rare chance understood, foreign ideas and foreign feelings pitched to foreign apprehensions and foreign sympathies—will English audiences be in the most acceptable position to be addressed by a true artist, whether foreign or English?

Art is of all nations, it will be replied, and the narrow field of patriotism will not contain that which aims at an ideal in which humanity at large is reflected. Admitted: but it is one thing to open our hearts and minds to what greatness and excellence foreign countries have to show us, which will scarcely be much more abundant than, in proportion to the population, superiority is found to be here, and to invite indiscriminately to our shores the mob of questionable pretenders who scramble round the standard of art wherever it is set up, and in the eyes of the majority of whom the said standard is only a *mât de Cocagne*, with a leg of mutton at the top for some, and a gold snuff-box for others. A due liberality in the appreciation of foreign artists, who have earned a high position in their own country, is both wise and commendable, and indeed necessary to stimulate the home growth of art, and guard against one-sided tendencies. But there is a point at which this should stop. Free-trade principles are very well in the sphere of commodities and necessities; our wants and our means will keep the balance in rigorous equipoise. But in the world of art unfortunately, there is no such inexorable logic of facts. Fashion and *engouement* are two evil genii constantly on the watch to disturb the serene and dispassionate judgment of the public, and to deliver them bound hand and foot into the hands of the stranger.

It is not against Italian opera, therefore, that we protest, but against three Italian operas neither of which is what it might and ought to be from the materials which the state of art in Italy affords. It is not that the public have no business with foreign artists—though it is a question whether it should not begin by concerning itself with its own—but that it has too many Italian irons in the fire. Two we thought

one too many, but three urges the desperate conclusion that they are too many by three. Should the palled public in the frenzy of nausea rise against the triumvirate of Italian *impressarios*, and by an explosive revulsion of taste morally sweep them and their olive-faced retinue into the abyss—a friend suggested blowing them from the mouth of a canon of Bach—we shall ever revere the mystic “three,” and cherish the superstition that there is luck in odd numbers.

A MASS BY ROSSINI.

(From *Le Guide Musical.*)

ABOUT three years ago, Castil-Blaze was present at a rehearsal of the *Donna del Lago* at the Italian Opera, Paris. On hearing the first few bars of the quartet in A flat, “Crudele sospetto” (C, A, E) he perceived that the melody was perfectly adapted to the “Qui tollis peccata mundi” of the “Gloria;” this discovery, which was the effect of chance, caused him to reflect, and, the next day, he set about the task of producing, with various pieces from the operas of the same composer, an entire mass, subsequently called *Rossini’s Mass*.

A few months afterwards the score was completed, and, one fine spring day in the year 1856, a man remarkable for his corpulence, and advanced in age, suddenly accosted Castil-Blaze, and, tapping him on the shoulder, said:—

“Halloa! old boy, you are pelting along at a fine rate, upon my word!”

“Ah! is it you, *Signor maestro illustrissimo?* Excuse me, I am half blind.”

“Give me your arm and let us air our hundred and forty springs in the midst of these speculators of the Opéra; but, that we may be unobserved, and not taken for two professional stock-brokers, let us walk *adagio*, and talk *sotto voce*. Well, tell me—you are always doing something or other—what are you doing now?”

“What am I doing?—Oh! you want to flatter me, *maestro!* I am doing nothing, but I am doing something better, perhaps; for I am doing quite the contrary; I am undoing, transfiguring, transplanting, transferring, trans—”

He was about to continue, when the crowd of stockbrokers became so compact as to drive them from the Boulevard du Gand to the Rue Lepelletier.

From the beginning of this conversation you have, no doubt, divined, gentle reader, that the interlocutor of Castil-Blaze was no other than the illustrious author of *Guillaume Tell*.

“You want to know what I am doing?” resumed the great musical arranger.

“Yes, I do!”

“Well, I am writing, or, rather, I have just written—”

“Go on—what?”

“A mass by Rossini.”

“Always caustic and facetious! Will you never change?”

“Do not fancy, *maestro*, that my task was an easy one! Try it yourself. It is rather difficult even to parody an air, although it is allowable to twist and turn *a piacere* the new words you are arranging to any given music. But to adapt the immutable words of the mass to melodies which have to be preserved in all their purity; to maintain a perfect accordance of feeling, colouring and expression between the scattered materials you collect, and to maintain this accordance to such an extent as to make people believe these transplanted compositions were written for the words to which they are wedded, *hic opus hic labor est*. It was thus that Gluck arranged his French operas. But no matter. I have surmounted this difficulty, and *my*—your mass is terminated.”

“Upon my honour, my dear fellow, you are an extraordinary man!”

There they were, the one (Rossini) addressing his questions in Latin, and the other (Castil-Blaze) replying in Italian.

“Let us hear,” said the first. “By what did you manage to represent the ‘Credo’—‘Credo in unum Deum, etc.?’”

“‘Ecco ridente in cielo—’”

“You have treated it, at any rate, as a chorus.”

“Of course, was not that its original form in *Aureliano in Palmira?*”

“Bravo! excellent! I never fancied I had composed so majestic and well accentuated a ‘Credo.’ And the ‘Kyrie?’”

“‘Santo imen,’ the religious chorus from *Otello.*”

“‘Christe eleison?’”

“The canon quintet from *Mosè.*”

“The ‘Incarnatus?’”

“Ninetta’s prayer.”

“The ‘Crucifixus?’”

“The ‘Chœur des Ténèbres’ from *Mosè.*”

“Let us go from the solemn and sad to the gay. How have you managed with the ‘Cum sancto spiritu, et vitam venturi seculi?’ It is there that composers introduce their fugues, full of vivacity and sometimes of brilliant folly.”

“I availed myself of the animated *stretti* of the quintets from *La Cenerentola* and the finale of *Semiramide.*”

“Well done.”

“Allow me to submit to you the manuscript of your mass.”

“No, I will see it when it is engraved. It is really an astonishing feat successfully accomplished. I will answer for its success; perhaps you still wanted this triumph.”

The conversation had become so animated that Castil-Blaze, without observing it, had passed from the *sotto voce* to the *mezzo forte*, from the *mezzo forte* to the *forte piano*, and from the *forte piano* to the *fortissimo*, so that all the *farniente*, all the “lions” and the loungers on the Boulevard du Gand had gathered round them, and were saying to each other, “What is the matter?”

“They are two fellows who have been done for on the Bourse, and are singing their *De Profundis!*” replied one.

“They are two shareholders of M. Mirès,” replied a second.

“The one is a thief and the other a madman,” replied a third, “who have just been seized under the peristyle of the Opéra, and are about to be conveyed to Charenton and the Conciergerie respectively.”

“They are—they are—they are—etc.”

In fact, I do not know what might not have been asserted, had not one of the two pedestrians—the one who fears public meetings and railroads—harangued the crowd, which kept increasing.

“*Signori Francesi*,” he said, “do not put a wrong interpretation on our conduct. The State is not in danger; make yourselves easy on that score. As for me, I am that stupid musician who cannot do anything more. I am no longer any one. But this venerable patriarch is Castil-Blaze; respect him! He is my second father; it is he who translated me into French, into Provençal, into Latin, and inducted me into the possession of a new empire. This is not all. The villain now wants to take me to Paradise. I am not much frightened at this, for I presume he is in no great hurry to set out himself* Make way, therefore, and let him pass, and if, in return for your kindness, you get nothing from me, you will, perhaps, deign to accept from him a *Mass by Rossini!*”

Since this meeting, and in spite of all the obstacles raised against it, Rossini’s *Mass* has been brilliantly successful among musicians. The score has everywhere had a large sale, and some choral societies have executed it. I am well aware that some sticklers for all matters of art relating to sacred music, have blamed the author for having dared to undertake and carry out such a piece of eccentricity, or rather such a wonderful feat. But are they gratified in so doing? For my own part, I think they are not.

* Castil-Blaze died at Paris, December 11th, 1857.

MADAME VIARDOR and Madame Bosio have arrived in London for the season.

CHARLES ECKERT, lately appointed director of the Imperial Opera at Vienna, is now in Paris.

DR. MARIE AND HIS YOUNG PUPILS have been performing with great success at Oxford, Banbury, Peterborough, and Boston. Next week they will stop at Hull, and give their entertainments nightly.

ALBERT SMITH'S NEW ENTERTAINMENT.

MR. ALBERT SMITH has made up his mind to bid farewell to Mont Blanc, notwithstanding the continued success of his hoar-headed friend. Why he has done so will be gleaned from the following address, which is distributed among the visitors to the Egyptian Hall :—

"TO MY AUDIENCE.

"After nearly seven years, and two thousand representations of my entertainment—connected with the most pleasant associations and acquaintances, and the most interesting memories of my life—it can be conceived that it is not without some rustling of mixed feelings I announce the present as the last season and the last representations of 'Mont Blanc.' Not that the popularity of the subject has decreased, or that its interest appears to be worn out with my old and firm friends, the public. But since the 15th of March, 1852, on which evening it was first presented to them, I have scarcely had what can be called a holiday—the spasmodic scamper of six weeks which I have annually made about the Continent, at the end of the season, having been as much occupied in collecting and arranging materials for the new route as in recovering from the fatigue of constantly—day after day, week after week, month after month—illustrating the old one. I have therefore come to the determination of applying to myself for a much longer leave of absence than has been hitherto allowed me. And at the same time, not wishing by any means to break my pleasant relations with my public friends, but still to be meditating something fresh for them—I hope—future amusement, and with the interesting points of the whole world before me for selection, I have settled, after much deliberation, upon making

"CHINA.

"the subject of my next season's entertainment. I purpose to start, as soon as my audience will permit me, *vid* the Mediterranean, Egypt, Ceylon, and Singapore, for Canton, and wherever else chance may take me. I believe the country eminently calculated to afford matter for an entertainment after my own fashion. It is, at present, a point of concentrated interest with us all. It has the quaint advantage of remaining now, at this present time, just what it was thousands of years ago. Its popular productions have a wide hold on us, from the 'Wonderful Lamp' of childhood, and the Dinner-gong and Dessert-service of the prime of life, to the 'Strong Family Congou' of our declining years: to say nothing about that celebrated blue landscape in enamel so very faithful in its attendance on us throughout our entire lives. And as far as we are yet informed, everything about China seems to be quaint and strange, and madly comical. I hope that no foreign wars nor home occurrences will interfere with my present intentions; and that I may be enabled in a short time to say 'Good-bye'—I trust only for a while—to all my friends, full of bright hope and expectancy.

"ALBERT SMITH."

To the above we have nothing to add, but to wish a prosperous voyage and a safe return to the prince of entertainment.

CRACOVIE.—Leopold de Meyer has played several times at the theatre. His concerts have constantly attracted numerous and brilliant audiences. The celebrated pianist is at this moment at St. Petersburgh.

EXETER HALL.—The seventh grand rehearsal by the Metropolitan Contingent of the Handel Festival Choir took place last evening under Mr. Costa's direction. The combined force numbered about 1400 voices. The programme consisted of "Salve fac regem," Loewe; "Christe eleison," Durante; "Cry aloud and shout," Dr. Croft; "Ave verum," Mozart; "Sing, O ye Heavens," Handel; "Flora gave the fairest flowers," Wilbye; selection from *King Arthur*, Purcell; and "Farewell to the forest," Mendelssohn.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.—Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, after a long absence, have returned to the Adelphi, and appeared on Monday night, in *Janet Pride*. The play, this evening, is a new, broad, eccentric drama, called *Our French Lady's Maid*, written by Mr. J. M. Morton.—Mr. Robson has announced his benefit at the Olympic, for Saturday, June 5th, when will be performed a new and original comedy, by Mr. Tom Taylor.—Miss Reynolds has come back to the Haymarket, and has been playing Lady Teazle in the *School for Scandal*. Mrs. Wilkins' Mrs. Candour is excellent. Mrs. Charles Young appears to-night in the *Hunchback*, in the part of Julia. Miss Amy Sedgwick continues indisposed.—The Adelphi Theatre is announced to be built by tender.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CALIFORNIA & AUSTRALIA.

BY A MUSICIAN.

(Continued from page 294.)

ONCE more upon old Ocean's heaving bosom, away from dirt, and stench, and fever, with the city of Panama lying before us, picturesquely commanded by the mountain from which Bolivar sent delicate attentions in the shape of cannon balls among the hundred monasteries, making holes through the walls which the lazy Granadians have never mended; and out seaward, the Pearl Islands, not a mere name, gentle or simple reader as you may happen to be, but *bond fide* Pearl Islands, where men dive with stones round their necks, and grub for oysters, and battle with sharks, and do a great many more uncomfortable things, which could be effected a great deal better by the diving-bell without risk or trouble; nevertheless a great many very fine pearls are yearly found upon the shoals around the islands, and yield a considerable revenue to the divers. A very beautiful island named Taboga is much frequented by the better class of Panamanians during the sickly seasons; it is the rendezvous of the steamers, and a great safeguard to the health of the employés of the Company.

The last gun fires, up comes the anchor, and off we go, twelve hundred souls in all, floating in a palace, with a captain for a king; and a right regal and kind monarch was Captain Patterson, a thorough master of his noble profession, stern and cool as ice when danger threatened, but gentle as a woman when comforting the sick and dispirited.

All voyages are much alike, except that in this particular trip you have land in sight on your right hand nearly the whole time; why, bless me, I am losing all my nautical lingo, I should have said, "land off the starboard quarter." I believe the same feeling actuates everybody who has been upon a long voyage; you lose all idea of your destination; you seem to belong to the ship; it is your little world; you take intense interest in the most trivial occurrences; you count the hours between meals; dinner is an era; you exhaust all subjects of conversation; you play cards till all the queens seem to be winking at you; some respectable old body gets a ducking with the spray, and you scream with delight; you walk backward and forward upon the deck like a wolf in a cage; you eat and drink from morning till night, until, as the voyage lengthens, you get savagely ill-tempered, your clothes get too small for you, and like Jeshurun, "you wax fat, and kick."

And this was our life (varied by three deaths among the passengers), until we stopped at our last coaling station, Acapulco, upon the Mexican coast; and right glad I was to get there, for to my horror I had put on my last clean shirt the very day we arrived. And now let me give a word of advice to all good folks "who go down into the sea in ships;" take with you lots of linen, particularly if you pass through the tropics; you can't have too much, for your friends are sure to borrow of you, and you must be a mean humbug to deny them, or yourself the pleasure of receiving and granting so essentially grateful a favour: you certainly do pick up some good and kind friends on board ship, for it is the place to lay bare a man's (or woman's) character, and I have formed friendships upon the ocean that I am sure will prove sources of the greatest happiness to me through life.

Acapulco is the capital of the province of Guerrero, and the most extreme western port of the Republic (?) of Mexico; it is a beautiful little harbour, has a fort, and a governor, and some soldiers, who never know from one week to another who they are to fight for; sometimes Santa Anna, sometimes Iturbide, sometimes Comonfort, in short, they are generally *for* somebody that they ought not to be; however, this does not seem to trouble the general inhabitants, for like old Pan in Midas, the descendant of the Aztecs

"_____ his pate troubles little
How the world wags,
So he gets drink and vittle."

They have a cathedral there, (which has since been wofully shattered by an earthquake), and some years ago they tried to get up a sea breeze from the north-west, by cutting a gap through a large sheltering mountain, but the exertion was too

much for them, and they did not finish it, and so they keep on broiling as their fathers did before them, and their descendants will continue to do, until some fine morning Brother Jonathan will put an execution into the house, and not only seize the goods and chattels as he did before, but annex house and land, and all for the good of the world in general, and Uncle Sam in particular. We had a few hours to spare, so ashore we went. The houses are all one story high, and very lightly built, many being mere bamboo huts ; the cathedral is, or rather was, a very decent building before the earthquake, and as mass was being said we entered ; and I cannot describe the shockingly ludicrous effect of the music ; the orchestra, choristers and all, were centred in an old barrel organ,—one of those horrible old things they used to grind about London thirty years ago, and I am sure that I shall scarcely be believed when I state that during the most solemn portion of the Mass—"The Sanctus," this beastly instrument of torture shrieked out "God save the King" with half the pipes broken, and a gruppetto upon every second note ; with great difficulty we preserved our countenances, out of respect to the worshippers, who seemed to think it all right and were evidently sincere in their devotions, but as soon as decency permitted we decamped, and sought for a bath house to remove the odour of sanctity we had experienced in the church. This we soon discovered, and were received by the blackest old ogress of a nigger woman I ever *did* see ; she was attended by two sable damsels grinning from ear to ear, who walked off with the Domine and H—n, and I was left to the tender mercies of the ogress, who was without exception the fattest old lady I had ever beheld. Well, she waddled off, I following, and we went into a kind of bamboo outhouse, covered with canvass. There was a large tub in the centre, but no sign of water. Presently Mrs. Fee-fo-fum began fetching in buckets of the precious *aqua* from a well, and emptying them in the tub. Pending this operation, I had commenced disrobing, having taken off my coat and shoes and stockings, for it was fearfully hot, thinking that my sable giantess would take the hint and leave me. Not a bit of it, madam ; she stood there grinning, with her great black puddings of arms crossed, examining my Anglo-Saxon cuticle with great satisfaction. I pointed to the door as a hint for her to be gone, and she shut and bolted it. I began to be alarmed ; she grinned, and, by signs, made me understand that I was to strip : I felt how hopeless was my situation, in a far foreign land and shut up at the mercy of this fiend ; what could I do, fair reader ? I own it with shame—I did as she commanded, and she seized me by the nape of the neck, lifted me up like a kitten, plunged me in the tub, and then and there gave me the most awful scrubbing that I have had since I was a baby, and poor dear Aunt Annie used to flay me alive every Saturday night. Upon leaving the place, I found it was "the custom of the country," for my friends had been served in the same manner by their damsels. I asked the Dominie how he liked it, upon which he blushed, and said it was very patriarchal and primitive. We got an excellent dinner at a Chinese restaurant, and then strolled to the fort, and while resting under the shade of a large tree, we saw a vision of beauty that I shall never forget. I must premise that the actual natives of this part of Mexico are nearly pure descendants of the Aztec race, and bear in their features a very strong resemblance to the ancient Egyptians ; but their forms are faultless, and every movement (they being scarcely encumbered at all with dress) is graceful and easy. And now for my vision ! A young girl of about fifteen years of age, at which time the women here have arrived at maturity, came towards us, bearing a large red Egyptian-looking amphora, with a band of painted black figures round it, which she balanced upon her hand ; the arm being held vertically, the weight of her burthen caused one shoulder to be raised, while from the other drooped across her plump and dusky bosom a gaily fringed chemise, her only garment—this reached just below the knee ; she advanced with perfect ease and modesty, and offered us the contents of her jar, which contained delicious lemonade ; there was not a smile upon her face, but she looked at us with a glance almost of contempt at our ungraceful costume, and went her way "in maiden meditation, fancy free." Nothing could be more delicate and exqui-

site than this young Hebe's form as she slowly disappeared among the trees, and left us wondering.

After looking at the fort (then used as a prison) we returned to the town, passing one gentleman who was amusing himself by walking on his knees as a penance, and howling out *Miserere*, in which the passing inhabitants joined him, and devoutly crossed themselves. But the most interesting specimen of humanity was a stalwart individual of about forty-five, mounted on a fine horse, with two or three coloured handkerchiefs bound round his head, and a tall steeple-crowned glazed hat above all : and this youth's occupation was that of *begging*—a veritable beggar on horseback, and I have no doubt that in the course of time he will reach the destination so prophetically announced in the old adage. As we were to leave the next morning, we thought it best to make our purchases at once, and entered a *tienda* or store kept by an American gentleman named Foster, now the respected Consul at Manzanilla, (a free port discovered and opened through his sole exertions,) where we obtained the under-clothing we stood so much in need of, and cracked a couple of bottles of champagne with the hospitable storekeeper, who, in his pleasure at meeting his compatriots, spent thrice over the amount we had paid him for our necessaries : but it was truly characteristic of his countrymen, they will drive a hard bargain with you in an absolute matter of business, and afterwards spend double the amount at issue in their hospitable attentions towards you. Next morning we left the pretty little harbour, and after passing a double-cratered volcano at night, (its name I forgot,) we soon came out of sight of land in crossing the Gulf of California, supplied an unfortunate brig full of passengers (fifty-seven days from Panama to San Francisco) with provisions, saw the lofty Island of Guadalupe at eighty-seven miles distance with great ease, so clear is the atmosphere in this latitude, and on Saturday, the 29th of February, 1852, entered the Golden Gate or rocky entrance to the Bay of San Francisco.

(*To be continued.*)

BERLIN.—At the Theatre Royal Cherubini's Opera of *Lodoiska* is in rehearsal. Tichatscheck will give some performances during the present month. At the instigation of Madlle. Hulsen, intendant at the Theatre Royal, a series of lithographic portraits of all the actors who, since Iffland, have appeared at the Theatre Royal, will shortly be published.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—Beethoven's Choral Symphony was repeated on Wednesday evening under the direction of Mr. John Hullah, the chorus consisting as before of Mr. Hullah's First Upper Singing School. The symphony on this occasion was preceded by Mozart's *Requiem*. The principal singers in both works were Misses Banks and Palmer, Messrs. Montem Smith and Santley. A grander programme could not have been offered, and Mr. Hullah is entitled to unqualified praise for the continued determination he displays, in presenting to his subscribers and the public such first-class music.

FESTIVAL OF THE SONS OF THE CLERGY.—The two hundred and fourth anniversary was celebrated in St. Paul's Cathedral on Wednesday, with a full choral service, in which the choirs of Her Majesty's Chapels Royal, St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and St. George's Chapel, Windsor, took part. The service was intoned by the Rev. J. H. Coward ; the Rev. W. Hall read the lessons ; and the sermon was preached by the Rev. Thomas Garnier, M. A., rector of Trinity Church, Marylebone, the text being taken from the seventh chapter of St. Luke, 12th and 13th verses. The music consisted of the Suffrages of Tallis ; after the first lesson, Attwood's "Magnificat in C ;" after the second lesson, Attwood's "Nunc Dimittis in C ;" after the third collect, Mendelssohn's chorus, "He that shall endure to the end" (*Elijah*) ; before the sermon, Goss's anthem, "Praise the Lord" (written for the bicentenary festival, 1854) and, after the sermon, Sebastian Bach's anthem, "Blessing, glory, wisdom, and thanks." Dr. Elvey conducted. Mr. Goss (assisted by Mr. George Cooper) presided at the organ with his accustomed ability.

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Meeting on the 17th of February, 1858, also Prospectus, Forms of Proposal, and
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Printed by WILLIAM SPENCER JOHNSON, "Nassau Steam Press," 60, St. Martin's Lane, in the Parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, in the County of Middlesex.—Saturday, May 22, 1858.